

## TABERNACLE PULPIT.

TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE.

Subject of the Discourse, "The Three Tabernacles, a Story of Trials and Triumphs."—Review of the History of the Doctor's Church.

BROOKLYN, April 2.—This is a festival day at the Tabernacle. Dr. Talmage is celebrating the twenty-third anniversary of his settlement in Brooklyn. In the pulpit stood the description, "1869 and 1892." Dr. Talmage's subject was, "The Three Tabernacles, a Story of Trials and Triumphs," and his text, Luke ix, 33, "Let us make three tabernacles."

Our Arab ponies were almost dead with fatigue, as, in December, 1869, we rode near the foot of Mount Zion in the Holy Land, the mountain called by one "a mountain of ice," by another "a glittering hoar-frost of ice," by another "the Mount of Olives." Its top has an almost unearthly brilliancy. But what must it have been in the time to which my text refers? Peter and James and John were on that mountain top with Jesus when, suddenly, Christ's feet took on the glow of the noonday sun, and Moses and Elijah, who had been dead for centuries, came out from the heavenly world and talked with our Saviour. What an overwhelming three—Moses, representing the law, Christ, representing the prophets, and Elijah, representing the martyrs.

Impetuous Peter was so wrought upon by the presence of this wondrous three, that, without waiting for time to consider how preposterous was the proposition, he cried out, "Let us make three tabernacles—one for thee, one for Moses and one for Elijah." Where would they get the material for building one tabernacle, much less material enough to build two tabernacles, and still less, how would they get the material for building three? Where would they get the lumber? Where the gold? Where the silver? Where the curious? Where the costly adornments? Hermon is a barren peak, and to build one tabernacle in such a place would have been an undertaking beyond human achievement, and Peter was proposing the impossible when he cried out in enthusiasm, "Let us build three tabernacles."

And yet that is what this congregation has been called to do and has done. The first Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1869, and destroyed by fire in 1873. The second Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in 1874, and destroyed by fire in 1881. The third Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated in April, 1891, and in that were worshipping today. What sounded absurd for Peter to propose, when he said on Mount Hermon, in the words of my text, "Let us build three tabernacles," we have not only done, but in the mysterious province of God were compelled to do.

UNHAPPY CHURCH.

We have been unjustly criticized by people who did not know the facts, sometimes for putting so much money in church buildings, and sometimes for not giving as much as we ought to this or that other charitable project, and my explanation has been made. Before I set through with the delivery of this sermon and its publication and distribution, I shall show that no church on earth has ever done more magnificently and that no church ever consumed more money and that no church ever had more heres and more heres than this Brooklyn Tabernacle, and I mean to leave it known that any individual or religious newspaper or secular newspaper that hereafter casts any reflection on this church's fidelity and generosity is guilty of wilful calumny, for which God will hold him or her responsible.

One year it was said, "Oh, through a syndicate of newspapers that this church was doing nothing in the way of liberality, when we had that year raised \$40,000 in hard cash for religious uses. There has been persistent and hemispheric lying against this church. We have raised thirty pastures, the church building, and church purposes, \$208,000, or nearly a million dollars. Not an Irish farmer, or a Charleston earthquake, or an Ohio freetier, or a Chicago conflagration, but our church was among the first to help. We have given free seats in the morning and evening services to 100,000 strangers a year and that in twenty years would amount to 4,000,000 auditors. We have received into our membership 5,357 members, and that is only a small portion of the number of those who have here been converted to God from all parts of this land and from other lands.

Under the benign eye and through the kindness of the printing press my sermons, now on every week into every neighborhood in Christendom, and are regularly translated into nearly all the great languages of Europe and Asia. The syndicates having charge of this sermonic publication informed me a few days ago that my printed sermons every week in this land and other lands are read to the hands of 20,000,000 people. During the last year, I am authoritatively informed, over 2,000 different periodicals were added to the list of those who make this publication, and yet these are ministers of the Gospel and religious newspapers that systematically and unscrupulously and continuously hate this church with its ideas and its religiousness and its mission.

I call the attention of the whole earth to this outrage that has been heaped upon the Brooklyn Tabernacle, through a more concerted, benevolent and splendid convocation of men and women were never gathered together outside of heaven. I have never before responded to these injustices and probably will never refer to them again, but I wish the people of this country and other countries to know that what they read concerning the selfishness and intolerance and lack of benevolence and lack of missionary spirit on the part of this church, is from top to bottom and from stem to stern, false, and is daily false—diabolical falsehood. What is said against myself has no effect except, like that of a coarse Turkish towel, the rubbing down by which improves complexion and produces good health.

But this continuous misrepresentation of my beloved church, in the name of Almighty God, I denounce, while I appeal to the fair minded men and women to see that justice is done this people, who within a few years have gone through a struggle that no other church in any land or any age has been called to endure, and I pray God that no other church may ever be called to endure, viz., the building of three tabernacles. I ask the friends of the Brooklyn Tabernacle to cut out this sermon from the newspapers and put it in their pocket-books, so that they can intelligently answer our enemies, whether clerical or lay.

And with these you may put that other statement, which recently went through the country and which is now in Detroit, which said that the Brooklyn Tabernacle had a hard financial struggle, because it

had all along been paying such enormous salaries to its pastor, Dr. Talmage, when the fact was that our last disease, and for two years I gave all my salary to the church building fund, and I received \$6,000 less than nothing; in other words, in addition to serving this church gratuitously for two years, I let it have \$6,000 for building purposes. Why is it that people could not see the justice and equity of our financial struggle as a church, and care from doing what Peter, in my text, absurdly proposed to do, but which, in the inscrutable providence of God, we were compelled to do—build three tabernacles.

IN SMOOTH WATERS AT LAST.

Now I feel better that this is off my mind. The rest of my sermon will be spent out of heaviness. I announce to you this day that we are at last, as a church, in smooth waters. Arrangements have been made by which our financial difficulties are now fairly and satisfactorily adjusted. Our income will exceed our outgo, and Brooklyn Tabernacle will be yours and be true to you and your children after you, and anything you see contrary to this you may put down to the confirmed habit which some people have got of misrepresenting this church, and they cannot stop. When I came to Brooklyn I came to a small church and a big indebtedness. We have now the largest Protestant church in America, and financially as a congregation we are worth, over and beyond all indebtedness, considerably more than \$100,000.

I have preached here twenty-three years, and I expect, by my life and health are continued, to preach here twenty-three years longer, although we will all do well to remember that our breath is in our nostrils, and any hour we may be called to give an account of our stewardship. All we ask for the future is that you do your best, contributing all you can to the support of our institutions. Our best days are yet to come; our greatest revivals of religion, and our mightiest outpourings of the Holy Ghost. We have got through the Red Sea and stand today on the other bank of the sea of victory.

Do you wonder that last Sabbath I asked you in the midst of the service to rise and sing with jubilant voice the long meter doxology:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
(Praise him all creatures here below,  
(Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
(Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.)

Yes, twenty-three years have passed since I came to live in Brooklyn, and they have been to me eventful years. It was a protracted church to which I came, a church so flat down it could drop no farther. Through the conversion which I would be useless to rebuke it was well nigh extinct, and for a long while it had been without a pastor. But nineteen members could be ministered to sign a call for my coming.

As a committee was putting that call before me in an upper room in my house in Philadelphia, there were two other calls for similar errands from other churches. In other words, my coming was being advertised and kept apart from unhappy collision. The auditorium of the Brooklyn church to which I came defied all the laws of acoustics; the church had a steeple that was the derision of the town, and a high box pulpit which shut in the preacher though he were dangerous to the world. I felt that I was in a bad way, and it was necessary to keep back the people, for they were so few that a minister of ordinary muscle could have kept back all who were there.

My first Sabbath in Brooklyn was a sad day for I did not realize how far I had come from my native land, and on the evening of that day my own eyes, through whose pocket I entered the ministry, died; and the tidings of his decease followed me at 6 o'clock in the evening, and I was to preach half past 7. But from that day the blessing of God was on us, and in three months we began the enlargement of the building. Before the close of that year we resolved to construct a first Tabernacle. It was to be a temporary structure, and therefore we called it a Tabernacle instead of a Temple. What should be the style of architecture was the immediate question. I had always thought that the unphilosophical ships would be appropriate for the church.

Two distinguished architects were employed, and after much hovering over designs they announced to us that such a building was impossible for religious purposes, as it would not be churchly, and would subject themselves and us to ruinous criticism in other words, they would not build a church in church architecture. Utterly disheartened as to my favorite style of architecture, I said to the trustees, "Build anything you please, and I must be satisfied." But one morning a young architect appeared at my house and asked if we had yet selected a plan for our church. I said, "No, and what we want we cannot get." "What style of building do you want?" he asked. And taking out a lead pencil and a letter envelope from his pocket, he indicated in the rough what we wanted. "But," I said, "old architects tell us it can't be done, and this is a new style of architecture." He said, "I can do it. How long can I have to make out the plan?" I said, "This evening at 8 o'clock everything is to be decided."

TWO CHURCHES AND NO MONEY.

At 8 o'clock of that evening the architect presented his plans, and the bids of builder and mason were presented, and in five minutes after the plans were adopted they were unanimously accepted. So that I would not be in the way of the trustees during the work I went to Europe, and when I came back the church was well high done, and here came in a staggering hindrance. We expected to pay for the new church by the sale of the old building. The old one had been sold, but just at the time we had to have the money the purchasers backed out, and we had two churches and no money.

By the help of God and the indomitable and unparalleled energy of our trustees, there and there one of them present today, but the most in a better world, we got the building ready for consecration, and on Sept. 15, 1870, morning and evening, the dedicatory services were held, and in the afternoon the children, with sweet and multitudinous voices, consecrated the place to God. Twenty thousand dollars were raised this day to pay a floating debt. In the morning old Dr. Stephen H. Tynge, the glory of the Episcopal church and the Christian of the Abolition, preached a sermon which lingered in its gracious effects as long as the building stood. He passed enough out of the Episcopal prayer book to himself from being repulsed and he said for preaching at a non-Episcopal service, and we, although bringing a new sermon, responded, "We were used to sing, 'Gloria, Gloria, Gloria!'"

During the short time we occupied that building we had a constant downpour of religious awakenings. Hosannah! Ten million years in heaven will have no power to dim my memory of the glorious times we had in that first Tabernacle, which, because of its invasion of the usual style of church

architecture, was called by some "Talmage's Hippodrome," by others "Church of the Holy Circus," by yet others "Church of the Holy Circus." But it was a building perfect for acoustics, and stood long enough to have its initiation in all the large cities of America and to completely revolutionize church architecture. People said that it was the common sense way of seating an audience.

Instead of putting them in an angular church, where each one chiefly saw the back part of somebody else's head, the audience were arranged in semicircle, so that they could see one another's faces, and the auditorium was a great family circle seated around a fireplace, which was the pulpit. It was an iron structure, and we supposed drop-proof, but the insurance companies looked at it, and after we had gone too far to stop in its construction they declined to insure it except for a mere nothing, declaring that, being of iron, if the inflammable material between the sheets of iron took fire no engine hose could play upon it. At last we were right. During those days we educated and sent out from a lay college under our charge some twelve hundred young men and women, many of them becoming evangelists and many of them becoming regularly ordained preachers, and I met them in all parts of the land toiling mightily for God.

THE FIRE OF 1873.

One Sunday morning, in December, 1873, the thermometer nearly down to zero, I was on my way to church. There was an excitement in the street and much smoke in the air. Fire engines dashed past. But my mind was on the sermon I was about to preach, until some one rushed up and told me that our church was going up in the same kind of a charge that Elijah took from the banks of the Jordan. That Sunday morning tragedy, with its wringing of hands and frozen tears on the cheeks of many thousands standing in the street, and the crash that shook the earth, is as vivid as though it were yesterday. But it was not a perfect loss.

All were anxious to do something, and as on such occasions sensible people are apt to do unusual things, one of the members, at the risk of his life, rushed in among the fallen walls, mounted the pulpit and took a glass of water from the table and brought it in safety to the street. So you see it was not a total loss. Within an hour from many churches of the kind invitations to occupy their buildings, and hanging against a lamp post near the destroyed building, before 12 o'clock that morning, was a board with the inscription, "The congregation of Brooklyn Tabernacle will worship tonight in Plymouth church."

Mr. Beecher made the opening prayer, which was full of consideration for us, and my homeless flock, and I preached that night the sermon that I intended to preach that morning in my own church, the text concerning the precious alabaster box broken at the feet of Christ, and sure enough we had one very precious broken that day. We were, as a church, obliterated. But arise and stand, my many voices. Another architect took the theatrical plan of a church, which in the first instance was necessarily somewhat rude, and developed it into an elaborate plan that was immediately adopted.

But how to raise the money for such an expensive undertaking was the question—no one would undertake any senseless monument, proposed, but expensive because of the immense size of the building needed to hold our congregation. It was at that time when for years our entire country was suffering from a financial panic, but from that long continued financial depression which all business men remember as the cloud of adversity, year after year and commercial establishments without number went down. Through what struggles we passed the eternal God and some brave souls today remember. Many a time would I have gladly accepted calls to some other field, but I could not leave the flock in the wilderness.

At last, after in the last January, having worshipped in our beautiful church of Ansie, on the morning of Feb. 22, 1874, the anniversary of the Washington who conquered impossibilities and on the Sabbath that day we celebrated the resurrection of Dr. Byron Sunderland, captain of the United States senate, thrilled us through, and through the church, a story sermon from Hosea ii, 9, "The glory of this house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts." The corner stone of that building had been laid by the illustrious and now enthroned Dr. Irenaeus Prime. On the platform on dedication day stood among others, Dr. Dowling of the Baptist church, Dr. Crook of the Methodist church, Mr. Beecher of the Congregational church, and Dr. French of the Presbyterian church. Hosannah! Another \$40,000 was raised on that day.

The following Sunday 225 souls were received into our communion, mostly on confession of faith. At two other communions over 700 souls were added to each one. At another meeting 625 souls entered this communion, and so many of these gathered throngs have already entered heaven that we expect to feel at home when we get there. My soul! Won't we be glad to see them—the men and women who stood by us in days that were dark and days that were shining? Hosannah! The work done in that church on Schermerhorn street can never be undone.

What self sacrifices on the part of many, who gave almost till the blood came! What halldances! What victories! What wedding marches played with full organ! What baptisms! What sacraments! What obsequies! One of the most remarkable things, when all Brooklyn seemed to sympathize, and my eldest son, bearing my own name, lay beneath the pulpit in the last sleep, and Florence Rice Knox sang, and a score of ministers on and around the platform tried to interpret how it was. But that was just what we needed, and we had it. Bright, worldly prospects, should be taken and we had a heart that will not cease to ache until we meet where tears never fail.

THE SECOND TABERNACLE.

That second Tabernacle! What a stupendous reminiscence! But, if the Peter and Paul church had an undertaking it is to build two tabernacles in New York, and have proposed two, to say nothing of three. As an anniversary sermon must needs be somewhat autobiographical, let me say I have not been idle. During the standing of those two tabernacles fifty-two books, under as many titles, made up from my writings, were published, varying that time also I was permitted to discuss all the great questions of the day in all the great cities of this continent, and in many of them many times, besides preaching and lecturing ninety-six times in England, Scotland and Ireland in ninety-four days. During all that time, as well as since, I was engaged in editing a religious newspaper, believing that such a periodical was capable of great usefulness, and I have been a constant contributor to newspapers and periodicals. Meanwhile all things had become easy in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. On a Sabbath in October, 1889, I announced my resignation, that I would in a few weeks visit the Holy Land, and that the

officers of the church had consented to my going, and the wish of a lifetime was about to be fulfilled. The next Sabbath morning, about 2 o'clock or just after midnight, a member of my household awakened me by saying that there was a strange light in the sky. A thunderstorm had left the air full of electricity, and from horizon to horizon everything seemed to blaze. But that did not disturb me, until an observation taken from the cupola of my house declared that the second Tabernacle was putting on red wings.

I scouted the idea and turned over on the pillow for another sleep, but a number of excited voices called me to the roof, and I went up and saw clearly defined in the night the fiery catastrophe of our second Tabernacle. When I saw that I said to my family: "I think that ends my work in Brooklyn. Surely the Lord will not call a minister to build three churches in one city. The building of one church generally ends the usefulness of a pastor. How can any one reside at the building of three churches? But before twenty-four hours had passed we were compelled to cry out, with Peter of my text, 'Let us build three tabernacles.' We must have a home somewhere. The old site had ceased to be the center of our congregation, and the center of the congregation, as near as we could find it, is where we now stand.

It was the worst form of Female Complaint, that Bearing down, Pains, Weak Back, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, Inflammation, Ovarian Trouble, and all Organic Diseases of the Uterus or Womb, and is invaluable to the Change of Life. It cures all kinds of Leucorrhoea, and all kinds of Catarrhs, and all kinds of Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and all kinds of General Debility, Indigestion, and all kinds of Kidney Complaints of whatever kind. The compound has no rival. All Druggists sell it at a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of \$1.00. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

How suggestive to many of us are the words spelled out in flowers above the pulpit—"1869" and "1892"—for those dates bound what raptures, what griefs, what struggles, what triumphs. I mention it as a matter of gratitude to God that in these twenty-three years I have raised but one Sabbath through physical indisposition, and but three in the thirty-six years of my ministry. And now, having reached this twenty-third milestone, I start anew. I have in my memorandum books analyses of more sermons than I have ever yet preached, and I have preached as near as I can tell, about 3,850. During these past years I have learned two or three things. Among other things I have learned that "all things work together for good." My positive mode of preaching has sometimes seemed to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell. Feeling called upon fifteen years ago to explore the continent of New York, I have with me two elders of my church and a New York police commissioner and a policeman, and I explored and reported the horrors that needed removal and the ailments that endangered our young men. There came upon me an outbreak of assumed insanity, that frightened almost every body but myself. That exploration put into my church thirty or forty newspaper correspondents from north, south, east and west; which opened for me new avenues in which to preach the Gospel that otherwise would never have been opened.

Years passed on and I preached a series of sermons on Amos, and one of a false report of what I did say—and one of the sermons said to have been preached by me was not mine in a single word—roused a violence that threatened me with poison and dirt and pistol and other forms of extinguishment, until the chief of Brooklyn police, through my suggestion from me, took possession of the church, with twenty-four policemen to see that no harm was done. That excitement opened many doors, which I entered for preaching the Gospel.

After awhile came an ecclesiastical trial, in which I was arraigned by people who did not like the way I did things, and although I was acquitted of all charges, the contest shook the American church. That battle made me more friends than anything that ever happened and gave me Christendom and more than Christendom for my weekly audience. On the demolition of each church we got a better and a larger church, and not a disaster, not a catastrophe, not a persecution, not an assassination, not a twenty-three years' imprisonment, but a triumph, and a triumph that turned out for our advantage, and ought I not to believe that "all things work together for good?" Hosannah!

NOT NECESSARY TO PICK FLOWERS.

Another lesson I have learned during those twenty-three years is that it is not necessary to pick flowers. The old Book without any fixing up is good enough for me and higher criticism, as it is called, means lower religion. Higher criticism is another form of infidelity, and its disciples will believe less and less, until many of them will land in Nowhere and become the worshippers of an eternal "What is it?" The most of those higher critics seem to be seeking notoriety by pitching into the Bible. It is such a brave thing to strike your grandmother. The old Gospel put in a modern phrase, and without any of the conventionalities, and adapted to all the wants and woes of humanity. I have found the mightiest magnet and we have had it, to preach it. Next to the blessing of my own family, account the blessing that I have always had a great multitude of people to preach to. That old Gospel I have preached to you twenty-three years of my Brooklyn pastorate, and that old Gospel I will preach to you in the ministry, to preach it after me, for I remember Paul's thunder-bolt, "If any man preach any other Gospel, let him be accursed." And now, as I stand here on my twenty-third anniversary, I see two audiences. The one is made up of all those who have worshipped with us in the past, but have been translated to higher realms.

What groups of children—too fair and too sweet and too lovely for earth, and the Lord took them, but they seem present today. The crop has gone out of the swollen throat, and the pallor from their cheeks, they have on them the health and radiance of heaven. Hall groups of glorified children! How glad to have you come back to us today! And here sit those aged ones, who departed this life leaving an awful vacancy in home and church. Where are your staffs, and where are your gray locks, and where your stooping shoulders, ye blessed old folks? "Oh! they say," we are all young again, and

the bath in the river from under the Throne has made us agile and bounding. In the place from which we came they use no staffs, but scepters!" Hail, fathers and mothers in Israel; how glad we are to have you come back to greet us. But the other audience I see in imagination is made up of all those to whom we have had opportunity as a church, directly or indirectly, of presenting the Gospel. Yes, all my parishes seem to come back today. The people of my first charge in Belleville, New Jersey. The people of my second charge in Syracuse, New York. The people of my third charge in Philadelphia. And the people of all these three Brooklyn Tabernacles. Look at them, and all those whom, through the printing press, we have invited to God and heaven, now seeming to sit in galleries above galleries, fifty galleries, a hundred galleries, a thousand galleries high.

I greet them all in your name and in Christ's name, all whom I have confronted from my first sermon in my first village charge, where my lips trembled and my knees knocked together from afright, speaking from the text, Jeremiah i, 6, "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child!" until the sermon I preach today from Luke ix, 33, "Let us make three tabernacles," those of the past and the present, all gathered in imagination, if not reality, all of us grateful to God for proved mercies, all of us sorry for missed opportunities, all hopeful for eternal raptures, and while the visible and the invisible audiences of the present and the past commingle, I give out to be sung by those who are here today, and to be sung by those who shall read of this scene in remembrance, and congratulation, that hymn which has been rolling on since Isaac Watts started it one hundred and fifty years ago:

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

## THE JEWEL CASKET.

A large hook and eye is shown in brochures.

Tops of cut crystal are provided for lady's purses.

A silver flask has on one side the face of Mephistopheles in relief.

A lady's purse with an expansible ring has for its top a small watch.

A miniature corkscrew handle is the showy part of a new scarf-pin.

A bag for opera glasses shown recently has silver sides handsomely chased.

The wings of a cherub form the crossbar of the handle of a new button pocket.

The United States flag camouflaged in colors is a patriotic watch charm designed.

A handsome spoon is in imitation of a mussel shell, lashed at the side to a ring.

An acrobat of gold turning a somersault on a large pearl is a new scarf-pin design.

A pair of sugar tongs is jointed at three points, being constructed like a toggle lever.

Dainty shields, with gold figures on a light blue ground, are new designs in brooches.

A tomato vine appears on the handle of a soup ladle. A large tomato ornaments the tip of the handle.

A large moonstone cut to represent two angels flying lends an appropriate translucent effect to the carvings.

The emblem of the Prince of Wales—three ostrich feathers and a crown—is made of silver, for use as a brooch.

The red clover is the basis of a new spoon handle ornamentation. A leaf is in the bowl and the handle terminates with a blossom.

A small candlestick recently exhibited has a cylindrical body of glass supported by a gold base and a cap of gold adapted to hold the candle.

A hairpin ornament consists of pearls fastened at the ends of wires running to a common center. The ornament is hinged to the pin, and the motion of the pearls produces a pretty effect.

A Washington bracelet of silver is composed of flat links, each of which has a decoration in relief pertaining to the dead president. His face, the coat of arms of his family and of the United States, the national flag, dates prominent in his history and the names of the thirteen original states are among the designs.—Jeweler's Weekly.

## WHIP AND SPUR.

The English steeplechaser Why Not sold recently for \$15,000.

In Norway public trotting races have been in existence for the last sixty years.

Hiram Woodruff weighed 150 pounds when he rode Dutchman three miles in 1883.

An offer of \$25,000 for Orme, the favorite for the English Derby, has been made and refused.

The old time trotting race of 1881, by George M. Bird, was won by a mare.

Budd Doble will have a high class race horse for the 2-20 class this year in Roslyn, 2-20s, by Robert McGregor.

W. P. Huns denies the report that Axel will engage in a series of match races against Allerton the coming season.

The new track of the Omaha Driving and Park association is seventy-five feet wide. There has already been \$30,000 spent upon it.

According to the estimate of the department of agriculture there were on Jan. 1, in the United States, 15,408,140 horses, valued at \$1,007,948,000.

The English and European governments will not buy a horse for cavalry purposes which has been docked, and officers are not allowed to ride them on parade.

Trotting races in Russia were formerly treated by the competitors starting toward each other from opposite directions, but now they all trot in the same direction, as in this country.

William Hayward, who has been almost constantly in the saddle since 1868, when he rode for Mr. Merry in England, has been engaged to ride for Barridge Bros. of New York, this season.

## FEMININE FANCIES.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor has jet black hair and brilliant black eyes.

Mrs. Cleveland is said to live in apprehension that her little daughter will be kidnapped by some ruthless villain.

Mrs. William Kingsbury Wilde, or as her card reads, "Mrs. Frank Leslie Wilde," has beautiful hair, which is always held in place by a large comb.

New York has a woman embalmer of the dead. She is one of four in the United States and of six in the world. Her name is Miss Houston Dart, and she makes about five dollars on each body she embalms.



LYDIA PINKHAM:—"My son, I was just thinking how our little group of three generations so strongly demonstrates and illustrates my theory of the transmission of health from mother to child, and what can be more striking than the fact that my vigorous health is reproduced in your darling children."

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An illustrated copy, entitled "Guide to Health and Etiquette," by Lydia E. Pinkham, is of great value to ladies. We will present a copy to anyone addressing us with two 2-cent stamps.

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The Best Made.  
HOW TO GET RICH.  
Through studying the way they men. Who society adorn as. The best way to get rich I'm forced To think is to be born so.  
BY MARIAGE.  
Wealth always brings a load of cares, And few men well can carry it, But if you don't fear their weight, A good way is to marry it.  
THROUGH BIG DEAL.  
If you would adventure with, And would forever feel it, To get your wealth just hauled around, Make some big deals and steal it.  
BY ECONOMY.  
One way there is of getting wealth, Though few there be that learn it; And that's to toil and pinch and save And struggle till you earn it.  
THROUGH THE STILL.  
But of all the plans of getting wealth, One doth surpass in worth: Just fill yourself with whiskey, And then you'll own the earth.  
—N. Y. H.  
Shakespeare in "Lear" says: Have more than thou showest, Lend less than thou oweest, And thou shalt have more, And then two tens to a score.

We say the best way to get rich is to save money. Deal with us, buy our Tailor made Suits and Pants, equal to any made to order. All the difference one pleases your pride as you can say the garment was made for you. The one we sell pleases you in price and quality and helps to make you rich. We sell the best ready-to-wear apparel in this market.

85 Church St. SMITH & HUMPHREY.

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CLOAK DEPARTM'T

Wednesday,

March 30,

One hundred elegant garments

for ladies, misses and children,

opened this morning making it

not only the largest but handsomest

line of fine goods ever shown

in Burlington. As usual early

purchasers have selection from a

larger assortment than is carried

later in the season.

ALL ARE INVITED. N. E. CHAMBERLIN.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Employment the year round for honest, energetic men selling Nursery Stock, Salicyls, and other goods. No experience necessary. No hindrance. Business easily learned. Apply for a situation at once.